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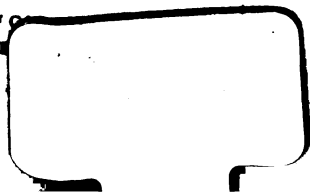
VERSES
TO ORDER
BY 
A.D. GODLEY



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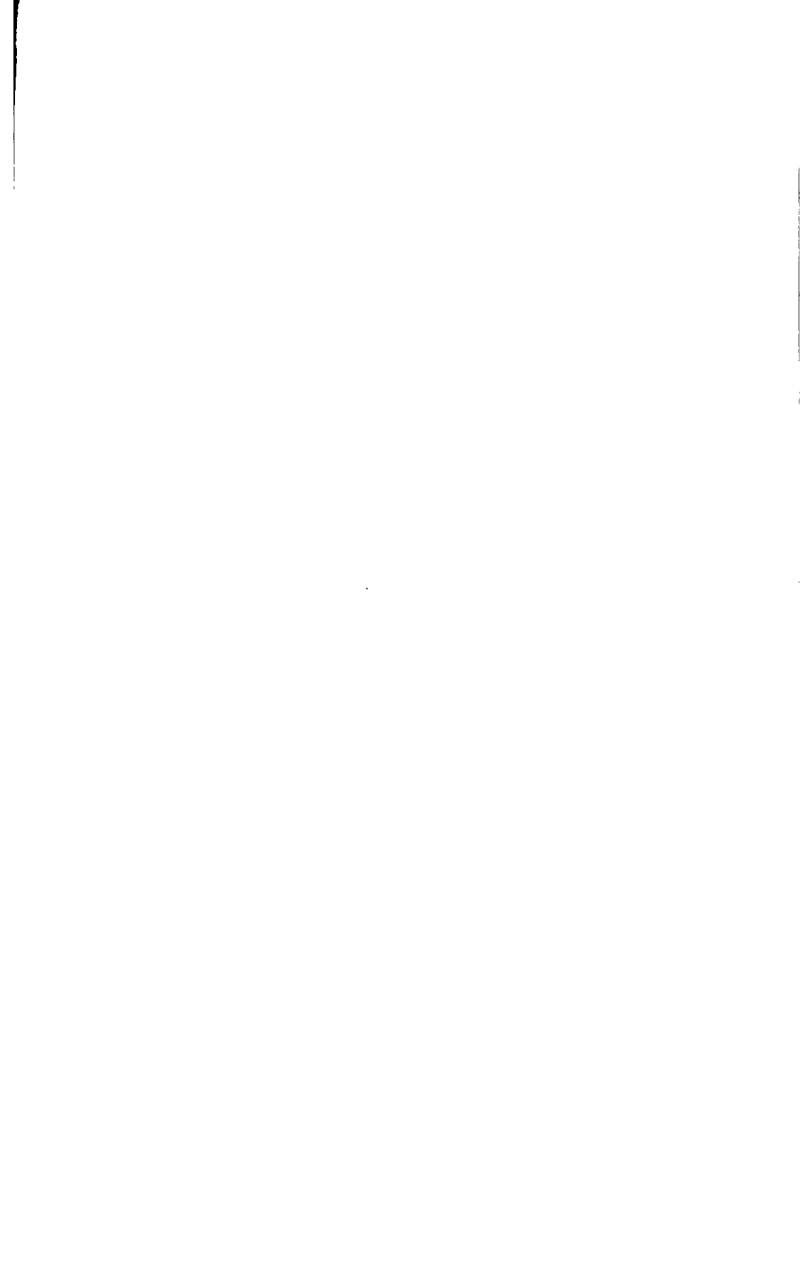
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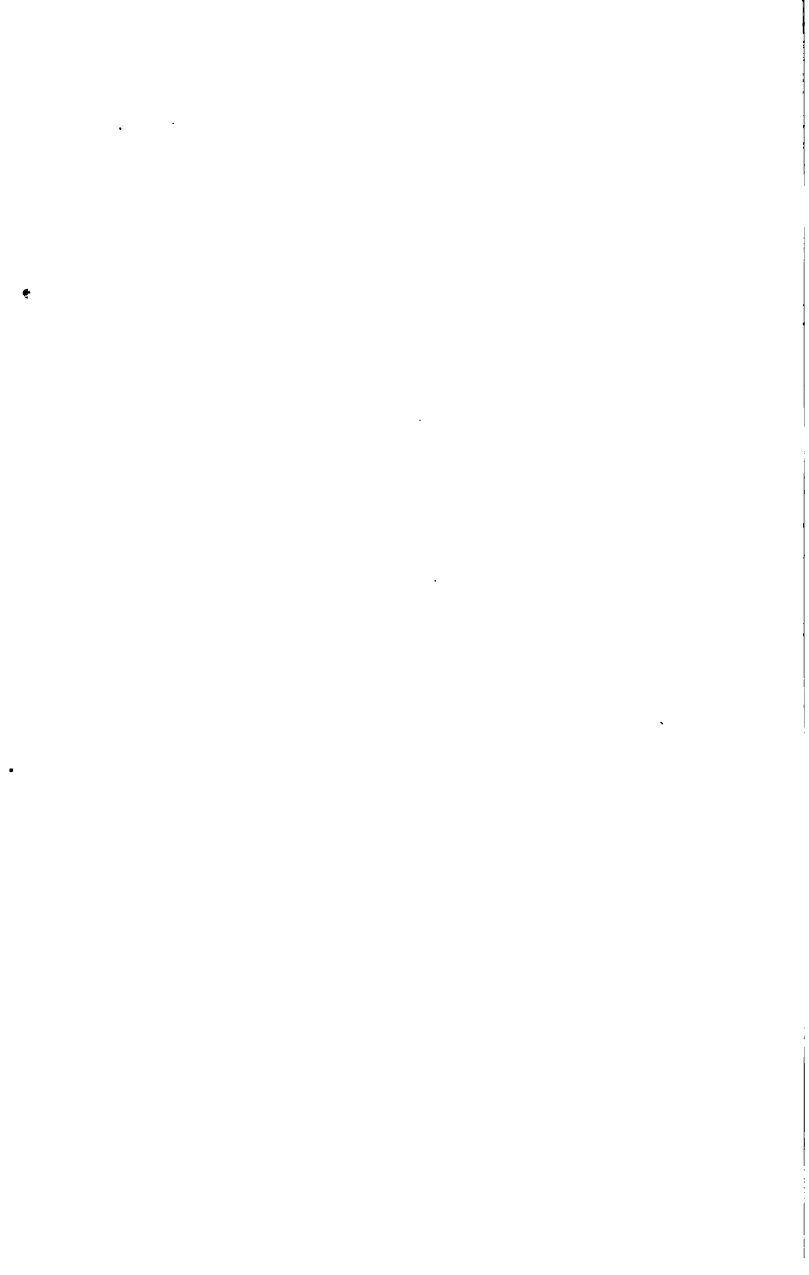
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VERSES TO ORDER



VERSES TO ORDER

BY

A. D. GODLEY

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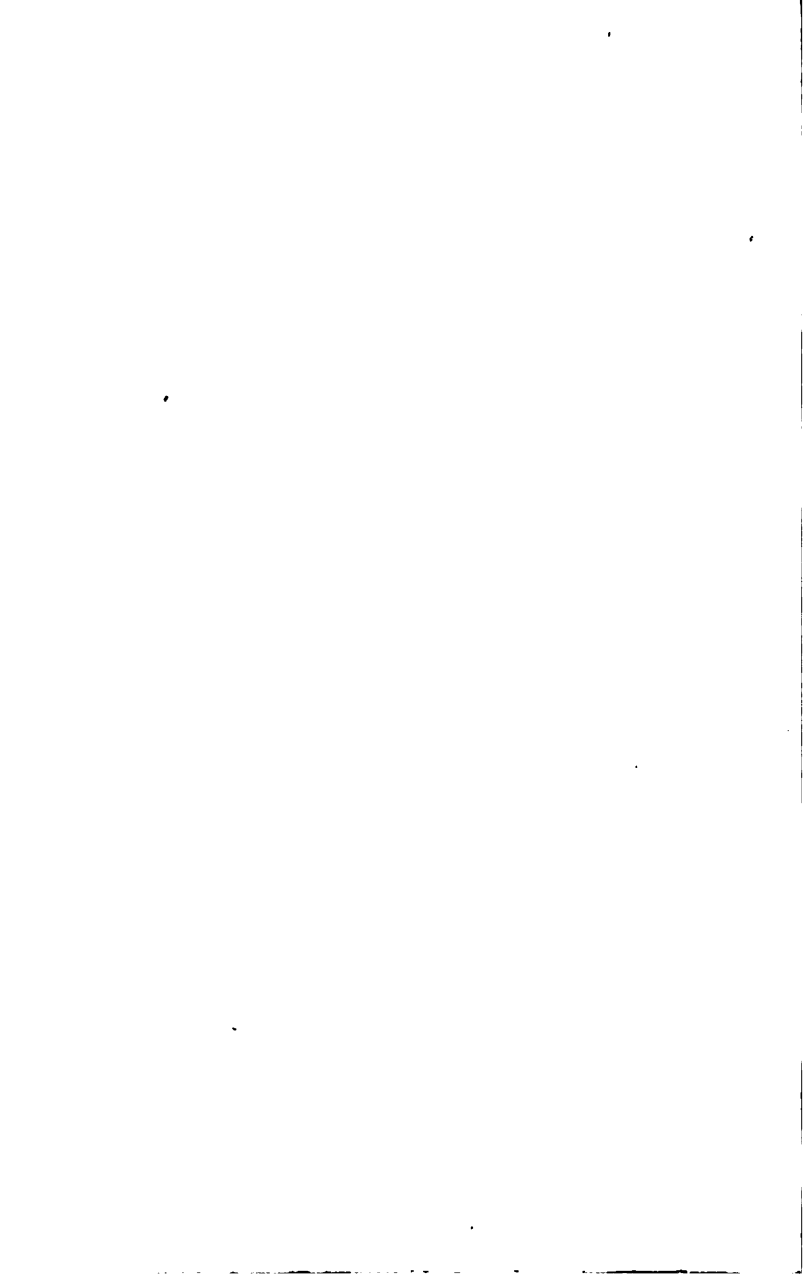
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The present edition of "Verses to Order" contains some additional pieces. I have to thank the proprietors of *Punch*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *John Bull*, and *The Sheaf*, for permission to republish them.



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WANTED, A POET

NOW spreads the clover
The meadows over :
In field and cover
The cuckoo's come :
That blithe new-comer
Proclaims the summer,—
But where's the Strummer
Who used to strum—

Who sang the praises
Of woodland mazes
Of Dells, and Daisies,
And things like those,
The Heart a-Breaking,
The Void that's Aching ?
O is he taking
To writing Prose ?

Years since—some twenty—
He'd rhymes in plenty :
Mere *far niente*
Supplied a crop :

VERSES TO ORDER

Of Passions lofty,
 Of sorrows soft, he
 Would sing—till oft he
 Was asked to stop!

Has Youth grown saner?
 Do *Letters* chain her
 Miscalled *Humaner*
 And *Law Prelims*?
 Does *Aristotle*
 The Muses throttle,
 That bards must bottle
 Their tuneful hymns?

Or doubts concerning
 Some question burning
 Have quenched the Yearning,
 The Mood sublime:
 O'er Fiscal Changes
 Their fancy ranges,
 Which quite estranges
 The mind from rhyme.

(For realms eristic
 Of Pure Statistic
 The song or distich
 But ill supply:

WANTED A POET

3

If long they tarried
'Mid themes so arid
Kipling and Barrie 'd
 Themselves run dry.)

In bygone ages
You filled our pages,
With Fame for wages
 (We can't give more):
We've Prose in acres,
We're dull as Quakers,—
O Bards, O Makers,
 Encore, encore!

CARMEN GUALTERI MAP EX
AUL. NOV. HOSP.

O TIOSUS homo sum : cano laudes otii :
Qui laborem cupiunt procul sint
remoti :

Ipse sum adversus huic rationi toti :
Pariter insaniunt ac si essent poti.

Diligens arundinis lucidique solis,
Aciem quod ingeni acuis et polis,
Salve dium Otium, inimicum scholis
Atque rebus omnibus quae sunt magnae
molis !

Nota discunt alii remigandi iura,
Qua premendus arte sit venter inter crura :
Haec est vitae ratio longe nimis dura :
Nulla nobis cutis est deterendae cura.

Habitu levissimo magna pars induto
Pellunt pilas pedibus, concidunt in luto :
Hos, si potest fieri, stultiores puto
Atque tantum similes animali bruto.

Alius contrariis usus disciplinis
Procul rivo vivit et Torpidorum vinis :
Nullus unquam ponitur huic legendi finis :
Vescitur radicibus Graecis et Latinis :

Mihi cum ut subeam Moderationes
Tutor suadet anxius " Frustra " inquam
" mones :
Per me licet ignibus universas dones
Aeschyli palmarias emendationes ! "

Ego insanissimos reor insanorum
Mane tempus esse qui dictitent laborum :
Otium est optimum omnium bonorum :
Ante diem medium non relinquo torum.

Ergo iam donabimus hoc praeceptum gratis
Vobis membris omnibus Universitatis,
Dominis Doctoribus, Undergraduatis—
PROFESSORES CVRA SIT OMNES VT FIATIS.

ΟΙΗ ΠΕΡ ΦΥΛΛΩΝ

OCTOBER'S leaves are sere and wan ;
And Freshmen each succeeding year
Are, like the leaves, less verdant than
They were.

Time was, they paced the Broad or High
In cap and gown, with sober mien,
Their only wish to gratify
The Dean :

But now they seek the social glass,
The bonfire and the midnight feast :
And e'en describe their Tutor as
A Beast.

Once, when that Tutor strove to show
How (though it's sometimes hard to see)
There *is* a difference 'twixt οὐ
And μή,

They gazed with simple wonder at
The treasures of his hoarded lore,
Nor hinted that they'd " heard all *that*
Before."

They wore a cap hind part before,
A gown of quaint domestic cut :
They served the general public for
A butt ;

On them the casual jester tried
(Nor failed) his old ancestral jokes :
They nightly placed their boots outside
Their oaks.

Then, striplings recently from school
Could never ape the senior man :
But now—I state a general rule—
They can :

And it's comparatively rare
For Fourth-year men, though old and
gray,
To have as much of *savoir faire*
As they.

For still among the myriad throng
Who yearly tread Oxonia's stones,
Monotony extends her sway,
And Smith grows liker every day
To Jones.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE Rhone and Rhine they run so free
Through Switzerland and Ger-
many,—

But Cherwell winds with devious coil
Through Hampton Gay and Hampton
Poyle.

The Cher, he flows his banks between
Through clover fields and meadows green,
By meadows green and churches gray,
By Hampton Poyle and Hampton Gay :

O peaceful scenes, secluded spots !
How happy are their simple lots
Who live and till their natal soil
In Hampton Gay and Hampton Poyle !

Could suns be warm, could skies be blue,
Could days of spring be always new,
A lifetime were too short to stay
In Hampton Poyle or Hampton Gay.

No racing Eights come here to mar
The rural solitudes of Cher :
No student burns the midnight oil
(I'm sure of that) in Hampton Poyle !

(" Here," said the Editor, " enough
Of this unconscionable stuff !
You can't go on the livelong day
Composing rhymes to Hampton Gay ! "

" O, can't I just ? " the Poet said :
" By arts like these I earn my bread :
This only serves my Muse to foil—
The dearth of words that rhyme with
Poyle.")

Whene'er I quit this scene of toil,
Then place my bones in Hampton Poyle :
Or, if you can't, then take and lay
My mortal part in Hampton Gay !

LOVE AND GOLF

HEAR me swearing, fairest Phyllis !
—Golfers all know how to swear—
Though, of course, your presence still is
Most attractive everywhere,
Links were ne'er designed for lovers :
Do not, Phyllis, deem me rude,
When I hint that man discovers
Charms at times in solitude.

Lips like yours should never utter
Ugly words that golfers speak—
“Dormy,” “stimy,” “mashy,” “putter,”
“Driver,” “brassy,” “bunker,”
“cleek”!

Sooner read—though Cultured Woman
Is a thing I hate and shun—
Horace, that distinguished Roman,
Than Horatius Hutchinson.

Though, in hours of deep dejection,
When the disappointing ball
Takes, if hit, the wrong direction,
Sometimes can't be hit at all,—

Though whate'er the golfer says is
Justified by reason due,
Still I hold his Saxon phrases
Most unsuitable for you.

Tennis be your sole endeavour
If you must aspire to fame!
But at golf—believe me, never
Can you hope to play the game.
There, your “swing” but courts the
scoffer,
Boors and clowns your “driving”
mock;
Fate, who made the clown a golfer,
Meant you, Phyllis! for a “crock.”

Meet me then by lawn or river,
Meet me then at routs or rinks,
Meet me where the moonbeams quiver,
Anywhere—but on the links!
Thus of you I'll fondly ponder
O'er the green where'er I roam,
(Absence makes the heart grow fonder),
Only, Phyllis, stay at home!

CAVENDISH: AN ODE

I

AND can it be? is Cambridge too
To Ignorance a slave?
Can dark Reaction's tide imbrue
The Cam's progressive wave?
I used to think that every fad,
That every scheme and purpose mad
In Education's sphere,
A Kindergarten system, or
A theory of Mr St—rr,
Could find expansion here!

II

As golfers, doomed by fortune harsh
To seek the flats of Cowley Marsh,
Still turn a wistful eye upon
The verdant slopes of Headington,
So Cavendish—a pigmy race—
Laments th' obnoxious rule
Which closes that peculiar place,
The Cambridge Infant School.

How oft—when privileged to view
 Amid some rural scene
 Her freshmen, walking two and two,
 Escorted by the Dean—
 How oft her halls I seemed to see,
 Where, dandled on the Master's knee,
 They learned their \acute{o} , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And little Pollmen lisp with glee
 About their Little-go !
 Not there (I thought) the studious boy
 Is taught to fill, with lawless joy,
 The gay nocturnal cup :
 At half-past eight—or so 'tis said—
 The tutor sends his men to bed,
 And comes to tuck them up !
 No "gates" or fines pollute the air :
 No scholarships or prizes there
 Reward successful cram ;
 But Vice is spanked (though not too hard),
 And Virtue finds its due reward
 In extra helps of jam.

III

Such was the scene : but human bliss
 Is bound, alas ! to pass away :
 And Cavendish no longer is,
 Because she did not pay.

14 VERSES TO ORDER

An exiled crew, her students wend—
 Their corals lost, their rattles broke—
For Cavendish has found an end
 (As usual) in smoke :
And once again on history's page
 Is chronicled the truth—
Youth cannot live with crabbed Age,
 Nor crabbed Age with Youth.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION

WHEN suns for weeks have seldom
shone,
And rain and fog pervade the sky,
And Fiscal Policy alone
Is dry,

How often I'm inclined to bless
(On seas statistical afloat)
Their happy lot who don't possess
A vote!

By problems hard they ne'er are racked,
Nor any difficulty find
In making up (stupendous act!)
Their mind:

Nor need they wade through miles of type,
Where politicians by the score
With one another's statements "wipe
The floor"!

But I, who know what ills await
The British Householder who makes
(When dealing with an Empire's fate)
Mistakes,

Behold, oppressed by daily care,
Arise before my mental view
The dire results of whatsoe'er
I do :

I see that vast Imperial Whole
Resolved to its constituent parts,
While mere Americans control
Its marts,

I see great Joseph bid me note
I rent that Empire limb from limb,
Because I did not go and vote
For him :

Or should I seek for *his* applause
I seem to stand a crowd amid
All vainly asking Bread—because
I *did* !

O happy days ! before I heard
From statesmen on the daily stump
The meaning of that fateful word
To Dump—

Or realised the reasons clear
Which ought to make consumers weep
When wares originally dear
Are cheap ;

Why this to none advantage brings,
Or those that sell, or those that buy
(Save to such negligible things
as I) ;

Why England 'neath Protection's reign
Will show her foes a firmer front :
Why 'tis indubitably plain
She won't :

Why persons twain are wholly free
Conclusions opposite to frame,
Although their premises may be
The same !

* * * * *

A time there was when no one strayed
In spheres of independent thought ;
Each voted as his Party said
He ought,—

When what or whom he voted for
He did not care a single fig,
But simply was a Tory, or
A Whig :

I've often heard (perhaps it's true)
 How casting old traditions loose
We're going generally to
 The Deuce,—

But O! from this I clearly see
 We really stand on Ruin's brink,
When British Householdors, like me,
 Must THINK!

THE PARIAH

I MET a weary wandering wight
'Mid deserts wild and rude
Who seemed to shrink from human sight
And seek for solitude :
Like one he was who feels the weight
Of yet unpardoned sin :
His anguished brow and timorous gait
Betrayed the fears within !

“ Oh, say,” I cried, “ poor outcast, why
Thou seek'st this dreary place,
All, all alone, with fearful eye
And darkly-muffled face !
Some secret grief has made thee shun
Mankind's familiar path,
Or thou some desperate deed hast done
And fear'st the avenger's wrath,—

“ Whate'er the burden be that so
Lies heavy on thy breast,
Or conscious shame, or hidden woe,
Or ordinance transgress,

Yet may confession heal the offence
And purge away the stain,—
Ay, though those mantled lineaments
Should bear the brand of Cain!

“Confide in me, whate’er it be :
Thy sorrows all reveal :
(Here may’st thou find a heart that’s kind,
By suffering schooled to feel)—
What stroke of fate has reft thy bliss,
What crime thy conscience seared?”
“Sir,” he replied, “the reason’s this—
I’m trying to grow my beard!”

SPRING

NOW the feathery tribes
Sing their annual lay,
(As the poet describes)
On the usual "spray,"
And the easterly zephyrs we're used to
proclaim the dominion of May.

All the music of spring—
It is with us anew!
The thrushes that sing
And the ring-doves that coo—
And the boys who endeavour to sell us the
Star and the *Oxford Review*.

Now the meadows among,
Whither golfers resort,—
Where the grass is as long
As their tempers are short,—
The language they use to their caddies is
such as I cannot report.

Now the man on the bank
 With assurance dilates
 On the style that is "rank"
 And the varying weights
 Of the persons condemned by misfortune
 to row in their several Eights.

And Lectures we vote
 To be hollow and vain,
 And the Don has a note
 From the Man to explain
 That the whole of his female relations come
 up by the twelve o'clock train :

But the coming of Greats
 Casts a sensible chill
 On the wretch who collates
 His "Republic" and "Mill";
 And he dreams of the τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι, and
 wakes to discourse of the Will.

LINES ON A MYSTERIOUS
OCCURRENCE

I WISH I knew geography—for that
would tell me why
'Twixt New South Wales and Paddington
you needs must pass the High !
Of course I know the fact is so: 'tis
singular, but then
Veracity is still the mark of literary men.

All in the High a Yankee man I happened
for to find :
He'd come from the Antipodes, and left
his purse behind :
And here by his embarrassments com-
pelled he was to stay.
('Twixt New South Wales and London
town 'tis all upon the way.)

His simple tale affected me : 'twas more
than I could bear :
I brought him to my humble cot and
entertained him there.

24 VERSES TO ORDER

And "Books!" he cried, while gazing on
my well-assorted shelf,
"I've written some immortal works—
anonymous—myself!"

"Full well I know the authors of those
venerable tomes—
Yes, there's Nathaniel Hawthorne, and
there is Wendell Holmes!
My literary relatives I number by the
score:
Mark Twain's my cousin twice removed,
by far Missouri's shore."

He spoke of many famous men, and all by
Christian names—
Yes, Howells he called William D., and
Russell Lowell, James:
His kinsmen and acquaintances were all in
Culture's van;
I do not think I ever met a more related
man.

"But what's the use of all that crowd,"
the Transatlantic said,
"When I am bound to catch the cars, and
ain't got nary red?"

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE 25

Stranger, I guess with Caius C. Maecenas
you'll be known

If you will just oblige me with a temporary loan."

I can't resist celebrity—I lent him shillings
ten,

That impecunious relative of literary men :
And when he comes to pay it back, no
doubt he'll tell me why

From New South Wales to Paddington
the shortest way's the High.

ODE TO THE TEMPORARY
BRIDGE AT OSNEY

PROUD monument of British enterprise !
Stately highway of Commerce ! thou
art old :
Since with enraptured gaze we saw thee
rise
Three winters o'er thy perilous planks
have rolled,
Each with its load of carriages and carts :
Freshmen, who saw thy birth, are
Bachelors of Arts.

Majestic arch, that spans the Isis' flow,
Fraught with the memory of our lives
imperilled,
We could not hope to keep thee—thou
must go.
Yet shall no bard in Chronicle or
Herald,
No civic Muse, deplore thee ? none of all
Who paid augmented rates to rear thee,
mourn thy fall ?

ODE TO BRIDGE AT OSNEY 27

Thou art of schemes municipal the symbol,
As crazy, and as tortuous. Fare thee
well!

Not long o'er thee shall Undergraduates
nimble

Evade the Proctor and his bulldogs fell :
Business and Pleasure to their old forgotten
Path will return again, and leave thy
timbers rotten.

Perchance some Alderman, or Member of
The local Board,—his shallop softly
mooring,—

Beside thy site contemplative will rove
And weepawhile thy glories unenduring :
And unimpeded by thy barring wood
Dead cats and dogs shall float adown the
central flood.

A HANDBOOK TO HOMER

"We regretted much to see Professor * * * * lending the weight of his brilliant name to the statement that schoolboys ought not to read Homer, because it would corrupt their Greek."—*Note in the "Oxford Magazine."*

POLUPHLOISBOISTEROUS *Homer*
of old

*Threw all his augments into the sea,
Although he had often been courteously told
That perfect imperfects begin with an e :
But the Poet replied with a dignified air,
"What the Digamma does any one care?"*

Yes—it is true that that singular man
(Whether he's Homer, or somebody
else)

Often puts *κεν* where he should have put
αν,

Seldom will construe and mostly mis-
spells,

And wholly ignores those grand old laws
Which govern the Attic conditional clause.

This is the author whom innocent boys
Cram for Responsions and grind at for
 Mods,
Possible Ithacas, mythical Troys,
 Scandalous stories of heroes and gods,
Wholly deficient in morals and truth,—
That is the way that we educate Youth !

Even the great Alexandrian clique
 Never attempted to write him anew :
Learning's reformer, Professor of Greek !
 Erudite person ! they left it to you.
Now shall we have—'twas a manifest
 need—
Something that serious scholars can read.

Parents and guardians may surely expect
 Books where the student orthography
 learns,
Language grammatical, spelling correct,
 Not the vagaries of Chaucer or Burns,—
Syntax and idioms adapted to those
Stated distinctly in Sidgw-ck's Greek
 Prose :

30 VERSES TO ORDER

None of the puzzles that puzzle us now,
Nothing to hinder disciple or don,
All of his genitives ending in *ov*,
All of his ἀπαξ λεγόμενα gone—
Homer conforming to classical rule—
That is the Homer for College and School !

A MEDITATION ON METRE

O IS 'T not hard that every bard
Who seeks to shine in letters,
Must still be bound by rules of sound,
And simply dance in fetters?
Would we had lived in ancient times,
When genius found expansion,
When no one had to hunt for rhymes
Nor mind the laws of scansion!

They did not go to public schools
To learn to make a poem,
Nor knew their Quantitative Rules
As we've been taught to know 'em:
Because—despite what scholars write
And pedantry rehearses—
Reflection shows that Pindar's prose,
And only looks like verses.

Yet still from slips in ancient song
We frame consistent uses,
And when they make their lines too long
We call it Anacrusis:

When Sappho strays from Reason's ways,
With reverence still we treat her,
Although she pens what is not sense,
And really can't be metre.

Whene'er some celebrated man
The critic's ear perplexes
By writing lines that will not scan,
'Tis Hypercatalexis,—
Should you or I this method try
To mould our scansion after,
'Twould move, one fears, our friends to
tears,
And stir our foes to laughter !

And so, when Afric's darkest States
Attain their culture's crowning,
And dusky students read for Greats
Their Tennyson and Browning,—
Whene'er the Critic finds a flaw
Which now our work disfigures,
He'll make that flaw a general law
For young poetic niggers !

AD GERMANOS

YE Germans, whose daring conjectures,
Whose questionings darkly abstruse,
Provide our Professors with lectures,
Our Dons with original views,
I strive to express what we owe you
With wholly inadequate pen :
Too late and too little we know you,
Remarkable men !

O had but the classical ages
Been blest by the presence of you,
To alter the text of their sages,
That sadly corruptible crew !
Nor Pindar had puzzled the guesser,
And ne'er had the public misled,
Had he asked a Teutonic Professor
To write him instead.

Though the facts that you foist on historians
To the regions of fancy belong,
And your dreams of the dates of the Dorians
Are often demonstrably wrong,—

Though your best emendations be "putid"
When viewed through a critical lens,
Your axioms completely confuted
By grammar and sense,—

Yet O! till the Pedagogues' Diet
(Determined distinctly to speak)
Prohibits with terrible fiat
The teaching of Latin and Greek,
Till then we will humbly respect your
Contempt for the Probably True,
And climb to the heights of Conjecture,
Great Germans, with you!

TO THE SOLDIER TIRED

MY Tomkins! why sheathe your in-
vincible steel,

And return to an era of prose?

You were eloquent once on your Country's
Appeal

And the need of repelling her foes:

You established it clear that your natural
sphere

Was the region of battles and blood:

But your ardour for gore would appear to
be o'er—

As you think that you're out of the wood.

Have you wholly forgot how you glorified
Force

With an air that was martial and stern?

How you drilled and you shot: how you
rode on a horse

(Or expressed an intention to learn)?

How you went into Camp and were hungry
and damp

(Which was all for your ultimate good),

36 VERSES TO ORDER

How you slept in a tent—till your ardour
 was spent,
And you thought you were out of the
 wood?

You would prate by the yard in the stress
 of the storm

 On the need of Machinery New,
And you bored me to death with your Army
 Reform

 And the things Mr Brodrick should
 do:—

But a slump, I presume, has come after the
 Boom,

 As an ebb will succeed to a flood,
And you'll alter the caps of your Army—
 perhaps,—

 'Tis enough, when you're out of the
 wood.

O the helmet you wore is replaced on its
 rack,

 And the sword's in its scabbard again,
And you do not discourse on a Frontal
 Attack

 With the persons you meet in the
 train

TO THE SOLDIER TIRED 37

But you solace your soul with the Oaf at
the goal,
And applaud the disgusting display
Of the Fool at the crease (*he's* the hero of
peace)
In your ancient ridiculous way !

Yet remember once more, ere your
weapons you drop,
And desist from your efforts to kill—
There are parties abroad with an eye on
your shop
And the cash that you keep in the till :
For the change in your mien that I've re-
cently seen
Has an ending regrettably plain :
So pacific your mood, now you're clear of
the wood,
You'll be in it, my Tomkins, again !

A CORONATION ECLOGUE

Corydon. Amyntas.

C. DIC mihi, cur, pastor, lacrimas?—
ignosce roganti,—
quid medium solus stans ad ovile
gemis?
omnia jam rident, quod et aestas im-
perat, et quod
hora coronandi prospera Regis
adest:
tu solus lacrimas: quæ tanti est causa
doloris?
forsan quod pateris sit medicina mali.

A. Ille ego, quo nusquam Regis rever-
entior alter,
cui strepitus cordi est, pompæque
longa placet,
ille ego laetanti teneor semotus ab urbe:
in medio Parcae rure manere jubent.
bellæ splendebunt me non spectante
puellæ,

A CORONATION ECLOGUE 39

quosque vehunt redae, quique fer-
untur equis,
nec mihi clangorem lituorum audire
licebit,
nec scloppetorum contremuisse sono :
cernere nec potero Regulares, Militiam-
que ;
tuque, Voluntari, non mihi visus
eris !
hoc est, cur medio stantes lacrimemus
ovili :
haec mihi, si quaeris, causa doloris
adest.

- C. Mî geminæ, pastor, media sunt urbe
fenestrae :
aspiciunt plateam, sancte Jacobe,
tuam :
depositis ambas si vis conducere nummis,
omnia quae memoras inde videre potes.
illuc veste nova pictoque ornata galero
(lautius et solito tu quoque veste nite)
Phyllis eat tecum : nec non cum Phyllide
mater,
si poscunt leges proprietatis, eat.
da centum libras, et habes utramque
fenestram :
servabo ipse tuas, dum redeatur, oves.

A. Hei mihi ! me miserum ! tot libras unde
parabo ?

Astoropetantas vix Gulielmus habet !

C. Fac igitur quidvis, pastor : sed crede
monenti—

non talem sortem quaelibet hora feret :
ingentes offert opulenta Columbia
nummos

dum loquor : et Pierpont Morgan
habere cupit.

sed mihi, cum reputo—namque est
industria curae

Anglica, et hanc semper sustinuisse
volo—

jam venit in mentem ratio me teque
juvandi :

tu modo fac siccas, quae maduere,
genas :

aspicis inscriptos passim medicamina
colles,

utque ferant variae nomina mercis agri ?
pistor et Hovis adest fuerant ubi pastor
ovisque,

et complet totum pharmacopola
nemus :

huic jecur est curae, pulmo sanatur ab
illo,

parsque velim tanti, si licet, esse chori.
saponum longe detergentissimus ille est
quem facimus : vestes (crede) lavare
nequit :

cuius saponis si me praeconia gratis
inter agros passim proposuisse sines,
ecce, tibi geminas cupio donare fenestras :
hoc tibi lugenti quod medeatur erit.

- A. O patriae vindex, o quo non dignior
alter,
o claros inter commemorande viros,
pone loco quovis, quasvis mihi pone
tabellas,
et laetae titulos intueantur oves !
sic Anglus, sic Gallus emat, sic denique
laudet
Africa saponem candida facta tuum :
cumque coronatum celebrabo carmine
Regem,
te quoque post illum rustica Musa
canet !

DOCTRINAE SEDES

WHEN Pleasure rules in Learning's
realm

With Heads of Houses to escort her,
And Youth directs an errant helm
In "Shorts" that every year grow
shorter :

When Scholars "have their People up,"
(A plea that everything excuses)
And quaff the gay convivial cup
Where once they wooed the classic
Muses :

When men who used to come at nine
Are "indisposed" (a known condition),
And Brown has several aunts to dine,
And cannot do his composition :
When Tomkins—once a studious lad—
"Desires most humbly to express a
Sincere regret he has not had
Time to complete his weekly essay";

When Lecturers have lost their use,
Because the youth they idly prate to
Has other things whereon to muse
Than mere Thucydides or Plato—
(You think, perhaps, he's taking notes?
Mistaken dreams! too well I know he
Is speculating on the boats,
Or thinking of a rhyme to Chloe):—

Then seek with me some calmer scene,
Where wines are hushed, where banjoes
mute are ;
There—careless though they burn the Dean
And immolate the Senior Tutor—
We'll muse in solitude, until
June and the Long once more disbands
'em ;
Then, William, pay my washing bill,
And call at once my usual hansom.

IDOLA RIVI

SAY, Postumus! my hero of the oar!
Why loom you so pre-eminently large,
While kinsfolk by the score
Regard you from the Barge?

What gifts bestowed by Nature's bounteous
hand
The gazer's breast invincibly entrance?
What charms your sisters, and
Your cousins and your aunts?

'Tis this:—they think (and you, fond youth,
agree)
That, ere you knew our academic scene,
This University
Had never really Been:

Also, that when you vanish from our ken,
Pass your last school, and row your latest
race,
We too shall surely then
Fade out of Time, and space:

From whence they not surprisingly conclude
That You are Oxford, and that Oxford's
You :
 Which (do not think me rude !)
 Is not completely true.

For oh, ! I may permissibly surmise
That, when your presence blesses us no
more,
 The saddened sun will rise
 Daily, as heretofore :

And other men will tread the self-same
ways,
And others navigate the self-same flood,
 Seeking from phase to phase
 The Semi-Final Good !

Yes—and brought low by some unlooked-
for lapse,
As roll the years unalterably on,
 E'en you, my friend, perhaps
 May turn into a Don :

Then, while the changeful undergraduate
Now treads the stage, now vanishes from
view
 (All, I regret to state,
 Quite similar to you,)

46 VERSES TO ORDER

Then will you see that you were but a
Type—

I mean, a wholly ordinary cuss :
—Put *that* within your pipe,
And smoke it, Postumus !

FOOTBALL AND ROWING—AN
ECLOGUE

Melibæus. Corydon.

Mel.—**N**AY, tempt me not, my Corydon;
I tell you once again
That football is a game beneath the
dignity of men.
Time was, I chased the bounding ball
athwart the meadows green—
Before I read what critics said, within
the *Magazine*.
Degrading sport! at which, indeed, I used
to shine at school;
Alas! I knew no better then, and was,
in fact, a fool;
Of all the spectacles on earth, I know no
sight that's sadder
Than thirty men pursuing of a mere in-
flated bladder.
Were I to play at games like this, when
nearly in my twenties,
'Twould argue me behind my age, and
parum compos mentis.

'Tis "semi-gladiatorial" too—a thing
which I abhor—

At least that's what the papers say, and
likewise Dr Warre—

And so I've donned my boating-coat, and
down to row I'm going,

For oarsmen swear (they often do) there's
no such sport as rowing.

Coryd.—Ah, hapless youth! Why, don't you
know what countless ills await

The man who strives to figure in a Torpid
or an Eight?

Learn, then, that such (you'll find it all
in last week's *Magazine*)

Of individuality have less than a
machine;

"Two" looks at stroke, and bow at
"Three," and imitates him stiffly,

And once embarked, you can't get out
between the Barge and Iffley.

The chops and steaks on which you dine
are (like your person) raw;

You can't devote your mind to Greats, or
History, or Law—

For when they're rowing in an Eight, I'm
told that gentlemen

Are comatose at half-past eight, and sent
to bed at ten!

FOOTBALL AND ROWING 49

Mel.—Alas! 'Tis clear, such sports as these
can ne'er have been designed
To satisfy a person of a cultivated mind.
Since both alike a mark present for
journalistic sneers,
Rowing and football I'll forswear, and
join the Volunteers!

KAL. APR.

I HATE your vulgarian ill-mannered
Who goes by himself to the Race!
Maecenas has gone in his Panhard
Nor offered his Horace a place:
Then come (for the storms that are wintry
Have vanished afar from the lea)
Qua linter contendit cum lintre,
My Phyllis, with me!

The Cive with his spouse and his daughters,
The swain and concomitant nymph
Natate, in a cymb, on the waters
Or curr by the defluent lymph,—
And see, 'twixt their knees with their
ventres
(You *can* be correct, when you choose,—
Quo, Musa, poetam impellis?)
The 'Varsity crews!

O doomed to consume by your coaches
Raw rations of obstinate ox,
O rent by the raucous reproaches
Of clamitant captain and cox,

Ye heirs of the memories famous
That cling to your classical streams,
Quos misit aut Isis, aut Camus,
Incumb on your remes !

* * * * *

Heu ! auri funesta cupido
Has wholly bereft me of tin,
Dum actis diurnis confido
Which told me the boat that would win !
Dire day of the daft and the silly,
Curst kalends of guile and of gas !
O rerum dulcissima Phylli,
Do lend me an *As* !

HEPHAESTUS IN OXFORD

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο βίην κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυ-
υῆεις

ἔνθα δ' ὕω νῆας κοῦροι ἔριδα προφέροντες
ᾧκα προήρυσσον· πίσυρας δ' ἐνέθηκεν ἐκάστη·
ἔξῃς δ' ἐξόμενοι κρατερόν ῥόον ᾧσαν ἐρετμοῖς
τέρματος ἰέμενοι, ῥινὸι δ' ὑπένερθεν ἔτριφ-
θεν.

λαοὶ δ' ὡς ὅτε κῆμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλ-
άσσης

θρῶσκον ἐπασσύτεροι ποταμῶ παρὰ διη-
εντι,

θάρσυνον δ' ἐτάρους, ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχον ἀμφοτέ-
ροισι

θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· ἑτέροισι δὲ φαίνεταιο νίκη.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μεγάλοιο πυρὸς σέλας· ἀμφὶ
δὲ λαοί

ὄρχηθμῶ τέρποντ' ἐρικύδεος εἵνεκα νίκης.

οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόσιος καὶ ἐδήττος ἐξ ἔρον
ἔντο

νυκτὸς ἔπειτ' ὠρχεῦντο μέσῳ περικάλλεος
αὐλῆς,

τυκτῶ ἔνι δαπέδῳ, περὶ δὲ φρένας ἤλυθεν
οἶνος,

ἐν πυρὶ βάλλοντες κτῆσιν μέγαλ' ἤλιθα
πολλήν

μὰ ψ, ἄταρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον' ἔπειτα δέ τ'
ἐνθορον αὐτοί.

τοὺς δ' ἄρα νισσομένους ἀπ' ἀμύμονος
ὀρχηθμοῖο

πρώκτωρ δέγμενος ἦστο, πέλωρ ἀθεμίστια
εἰδώς,

πὰρ ὀδῶ ἐν σκοπιῇ, ὅθι περ νίσσεσθαι
ἔμελλον

[οὐκ οἶος· ἄμα τῷ γε κύνες πόδας ἀργοὶ
ἔποντο].

ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐσκοπίαζ', οἱ δ' ἤλυθον ἀφραδίῃσιν·
δὴ τότε' ἐπειτ' ἐπόρουσε, γένος δ' ἐρέεινε

ἐκάστου,

θωὴν δ' αὐτ' ἐπέθηχ'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντες
ἔτινον

ἄλλοι δ' ἄλλοσ' ἔφευγον ἀνὰ τρηχεῖαν
ἀταρπόν.

DISENCHANTED

THEY told me of the August calm
Of Oxford in the long Vacation,
How rarely plies th' infrequent tram
'Twixt Cowley and the Railway Station ;
How undergraduates are gone
Or peaks to climb or moors to shoot on,
And none remains but here a Don
And there a speculative Teuton :

How in the Parks you seldom see
The terminal perambulator ;
How tradesmen close at half-past three,
And silence broods o'er Alma Mater.
Ah me ! 'twas all a baseless dream ;
One thing they quite forgot to mention—
The recently developed scheme
Of University Extension.

They told me Oxford in the Long
A place of solitude and peace is :
They told me so—they told me wrong ;
For every train imports a throng

Of sisters, cousins, aunts, and nieces,
Who crowd the streets, who storm the
Schools,

With love of Lectures still unsated ;
They're subject to no kind of rules,
And can't be proctorised or gated.

'Neath auspices¹ majestic,
Their guide some Principal or Warden,
From morn to eve they throng the Hall,
And all day long they "do" the Garden.
Upon one's own peculiar haunts
They rudely pry—O times, O manners !
They strum the Pirates of Penzance
On Undergraduates' pianners.

The Bursar entertains about
A score of feminine relations,
Whilst I invoke my absent scout,
And hope in vain my humble rations ;
If this be Oxford in the Vac.,
When all her sons afar are scattered,
If this be peace,—then give me back
The Torpid wine, the tea-tray battered !

CANTICUM BRUMALE

OLIM patriarcha Noe
questus est diluvio e
pleno, " iam est satis, ohe! "

cum cedente bruma veri
campi fiunt lacus meri,
nobis quoque licet queri.

ambulare super prata
liquescenti nive strata
res est plane condemnata.

huc et illuc lapso, nuto,
nunquam gressu vado tuto,
nunc in nive, nunc in luto.

remex crudo pastus bove
sedet segnis, invitove
frustra temptat flumen Iove :

namque rivum videt qualem
nautae dicunt esse salem
juxta polum Borealem.

sponte quaerit vir Tutores :
legit—contra suetos mores—
Literas Humaniores,—

namque quando cui nos demus
verum opus non habemus,
iure nugas exercemus !

P. VERGILI MARONIS FRAGMENTUM
NUPER REPERTUM

VENIT hiems ; multosque etiam venientia
testes
dant Parvisa sui. Qui vix semel hebdomadali
tempore Tutoris quaerebat limina, nunc it
terque quaterque die, poscitque et ab
hoste doceri,
mendosas prosas ululatorumque feraces
ille quidem referens. adeo nova vertitur
illi
pagina ; non repetit curandis (scilicet)
urbem
dentibus infelix ; Nonas celebrare Novembres
jam timet et miseris supponere civibus
ignem.
invigilat noctu libris ; tum rite togatus
templum mane petit (faciem stupet inscius
ante

janitor); ut, durum quamvis patiatur
 aratrum,
 termine, te saltem servet, placeatque
 Decano.

mox hunc scribentem Schola Magna
 Australis habebit,
 adjectiva, nefas! (res est nec digna
 magistris
 fallere nec facilis) latebris suffixa galeri
 cum substantivis — lateant si forte —
 legentem.

(incassum—namque omnibus est academica
 vestis—

procurator complerier agmine denso
 strata videt; maestusque Via palatur in
 Alta,
 multa gemens, cistamque nequit ditare
 sequendo).

Accipe nunc artes. memini, qui saepe
 negatum
 saepe tamen rursus petiit Testamur; at
 illum
 ad fluvium comites percussaque robore
 tergi
 Torpidi ad alterius cogebat transtra
 juvenus;
 sed puer Eucliden nec non Pronomina
 Graeca

adfixit lintri, medioque legebat in amne,
 oppositum observans humerum librumque
 vicissim.

sic multas hiemes et sic vicesima vidit
 Parvisa, Edmundi vivens contentus in Aula.
 sunt qui praetereant; est, qui patietur
 aratrum.

sed vos, O juvenes, quos praeteriisse
 vetabit

ferreus et viva damnârit voce magister—
 hospitium si dura negant Collegia, si vos
 excipit e Christi depulsos Corpore
 Turrell—

ne tamen in medio mergat furor aegra
 fluento

corpora, neu famulis sectas obtendite
 fauces;

spes maneat! veniet lustris labentibus
 annus,

cum vos Graecorum per mille pericla
 chororum

perque mathematicos ducet Fortuna papy-
 ros;

tunc aliquis comitum, longis venerabilis
 annis,

ibit, et aequaevi referet Testamur amici.

5.—Ululatorum. Quid est ululator? Vereor, ut
 explicari possit.—SERV. Fuit quidam Romae C.

Licinius Ululator, qui semper accusativos cum nominativis, genitivos autem cum dativis congruentes scribebat. Hoc modo igitur scribere, est ululatores facere.—SCHOL. Haec est ridicula interpretatio.—HEYNE.

- 25.—Torpidi Alterius, hoc est, secundi. De Torpido autem ita scriptum inveni apud Senecam (De Corruptione Morum). Torpida nunc vocitant mutato nomine Toggles; Proque Rudimentis dicunt (O Tempora!) Rudders. . . .

LINES SUGGESTED BY A STONE-
SAW

“THE silent groves of Academe”—
In ages which our fathers knew,
When trams were yet an airy dream,
Perhaps the epithet was true :
Ere members of St John’s and New
Had heard the peacock’s doleful scream,
The phrase was applicable to
The ancient groves of Academe.

Now, when Salvation’s rank and file
Emerge from out their native slum,
Their retrogressive chief the while
Performing on his sacred drum,—
When men who’ve passed their latest
school,
Or traction engines worked by steam,
Disturb the rest that still should rule
The silent groves of Academe,—

When little boys who sell the “Star,”
And saws that split the strident stone

SUGGESTED BY A STONE-SAW 63

Combine his spirit's peace to mar
Who cons his unattractive Bohn,—
The student in his cloistered shade
Pursues in vain some lofty theme,
When sights and sounds like these invade
The silent groves of Academe.

Still must I hear, at half-past five,
The hooter's hoot that greets the morn ;
Still, as the shades of night arrive,
The Torpid-man's exultant horn :
For every various form of din
From Carfax Church to Cherwell's
stream
Is heard continually in
The silent groves of Academe.

FRAGMENT OF THE *IXION* OF
EURIPIDES

Θηητῶν ἀπάντων, δυστυχεῖν πεφυκότων
πολλῶ κυκλιστῶν ἀθλιώτατος βίος.
λαβὼν γὰρ ἵππον ἢ πὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ ποσὶν
αὐτὸς βεβηκῶς πολλὰ μὴ θανεῖν ἀνὴρ
ὑπεκπέφευγεν· ἀλλὰ τῷ κείνων γένει
οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπίς, οὐδὲ σωθῆναι πάρα.
οἷς ἐξιούσι δωμάτων πρῶτον τόδε
ἄδηλόν ἐστιν, εἰ τετρωμένοι τροχοὺς
μέλλουσ' ἀκάνθαις πανταχοῦ προκειμέναις
διαρραγῆναι, δεινὸν εἰσιδεῖν ἄχος·
ἔπειτ' ἄνω κάτω τε τραχείαις ὁδοῖς
αἰεὶ φέρονται, βορβόρω πεφυρμένοι
χυθέντος ὄμβρου· χῶταν ἐξ ὄμβρου ποτὲ
Φοῖβον πάλιν λάμποντος ἀνανθή πέδον,
ἄλλ' ἐξ ἀμάξης ἀντίκ' οὐκ ἀνασχετοῦ
ἰᾶσι πλῆθος ὕδατος, ἔχθιστον κακόν,
πόλεως ἀνακτες· ὥστ' ἂν οὐδὲν ἦττον ἂν
ἐν αἰθρία τιν' ὥσπερ ὕοντος Διὸς
πηλῶ παγῆναι δόχημιόν τ' ὀλισθάνειν.
καὶ δὴ πέφευγ' ἐκ τῶνδε καὶ ξηροῖς ἐπὶ
τροχοῖς αἴσσει· παντελῶς δ' εὐδαίμονα

FRAGMENT OF THE *IXION* 65

οὐκ ἂν καλοίην, πρὶν τιν' εἰς δόμους μολεῖν.
 νεανίαί γάρ, ἄνομος ὑβριστῆς ὄχλος,
 χωροῦσ', ἀγυιὰν ὥσπερ ἡγορασμένοι,
 κύκλω κύκλων νέμοντες ἀχάλιον στόμα,
 οἷς ἐμποδῶν μολῶν τις ὑπτία κάτω
 στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν μηχανῇ κυκλίζεται·
 κακὸν δὲ τούτων χεῖρον, εἰ λέγειν πάρα,
 γυναῖκες εἰσὶν· οὐ γὰρ οὔτε δεξιᾶς
 γνῶσιν βεβαίαν οὔτ' ἀριστερᾶς χερὸς
 ἔχει τὸ θῆλυ· θραύεται δ' ὁ συντυχῶν·
 στένει δε φωνῶν ῥήθ' ὁμῶς ἄρρητά τε
 οἷως ὑφ' οἷας οἷος ὦν πημαίνεται.
 ὁ δ' αὖ κατ' ἄστυ πανταχῇ πεξὸς λεῶς
 ἄλλως πλανᾶται· κούδεν ὦν ὄραν ἔδει
 ὀρῶσιν, οὐ κλύουσι κώδωνος κτύπον·
 κᾶτ' ἐγκαλοῦσιν οἷτινες κύκλων ἀπο
 φοιτῶσιν εἰκῆ καὶ μάτην κεχηνόσιν
 ἄκοντες ἐμπίπτουσιν· ὦ πόλις πόλις·
 ἐξ ὧν ἄμωμος τᾶλλα δ' εὖ βιοῦς ἀνὴρ
 τρόχου βλαβέντος, ὄμματ' ἐκκεκομμένος,
 χωλός, πεπονθὼς μᾶλλον ἢ δράσας κακά,
 εἰτ' ἐν δικασταῖς αἰτίας ψευδοῦς ἔπι
 φεύγων ἐάλωκ'· ἄρα χρὴ στέργειν τάδε ;
 * * * * *
 τῷ νοῦν ἔχοντι κρεῖττόν ἐστ' οἴκοι μένειν.

A LAMENT

OXFORD! o'er your history's pages
Gloomy is the retrospect;
For in spite of warning sages
Still your faults you can't correct.

Here—for instance—Thorold Rogers
Tells you (and I fear it's true)
How Professors (artful dodgers)
Cut their work, yet draw their "screw";

How the Reader conscientious,
Solitary as a nun,
Reads, alas! to empty benches,
Or, at most, a class of one:

How insulted Alma Mater's
Eye with sorrow still remarks
Twins in neat perambulators
Circumambulate the Parks.

* * * * *

But the House of Convocation—
Evils worse than these deface it:
There each liberal aspiration
Sinks beneath a cold Non Placet:

There, Historians' claims defying,
Law's appeal you still resist,
Even now but half complying
With th' "Unlettered Physicist."

Still a brace of arrant Tories
You on Parliament bestow :
Where— O Tempora, O Mores !
As we read in Cicero—
O Magistri et Doctores,
Where do you expect to go ?

WHAT IS IT?

“A new movement has been arranged, and will shortly take place.”—*Statement in the “Oxford Magazine.”*

SIR,

O WHAT do you mean, in last week's *Magazine*, with your highly alarming suggestion?

Do speak plainly for once (I confess I'm a dunce), and reply to a pertinent question.

Can it really be true there's a Movement in view? then give to your terrified reader

Some idea, if you can, of its object and plan, and the name and address of its leader!

Why, I thought on the day when I sped to obey the Conservative summons to muster,

And submissively wrote (as instructed) my vote for the excellent P—t of W—t—r,

That the vote which I gave was intended
to save from the arts of a Radical
faction—

We had weathered the storm, as I hoped,
of Reform, and embarked on the
stream of Reaction.

But alas! for once more we must hie to
the door where Eloquence woos us
to slumber,

And the Leaflet and Whip will diurnally
drip on the tables they used to en-
cumber :

We must listen again to those eminent
men, whose speeches sonorous and
splendid

Were so often the cause of repealing the
laws which those great rhetoricians
defended.

Are they at it anew, the beneficent crew,
who would break with traditions that
warp us ?

Do the Somerville Dons wish to confiscate
John's, or annex the endowments of
Corpus ?

Or the Scientists want an additional grant,
and have banded their ranks with
Philology's,
And they all do their best to extract from
the Chest what the Chest has to wring
from the Colleges :

There's the Radical clique who are hostile
to Greek, and for Latin would sub-
stitute German,
Who call fees an abuse, and who can't
see the use of the 'Varsity afternoon
sermon ;
There's the person who looks with con-
tempt on his books as of ignorance
merely the causes,
And who everywhere states that distinction
in Greats is for knowledge of classical
vases—

Do be serious, and say to a timid M.A.
what this new and destructive device
is
(There are times when a jest is misplaced,
at the best, and we stand on the Brink
of a Crisis) :

WHAT IS IT?

71

Just mention the foes whom I have to
oppose, and the troops of Reform that
are arming,
But refrain, if you please, from suggestions
like these, which are simply and solely
alarming!

FRÜHLINGSLIED

NOW in the boughs the throstle sings,
Abroad the lambkins skip :
Now every morn a " Leaflet " brings
And every eve a Whip :
Their finny victims anglers seek
In each pellucid pool :
And Convocation once a week
Invents a Final School.

Whene'er I walk about the town
Some specialist I view :
They bid me vote for tongues unknown,
For Readers strange and new :
But ah ! debarred from arts like theirs
By Fate's unjust decrees,
I cannot prate of ancient Erse
Or modern Japanese.

The sun shines fair on Charsley's Hall,
As Scott (I think) remarks :
I hear the sound of bat and ball
Proceeding from the Parks :

My friend,—although the views we share
Materially agree,—
Voters, like birds, in springtime pair :
Then pair, O pair with me !

THE MEGALOPSYCHIAD

GREAT and Good is the Typical Don,
and of evil and wrong the foe,
Good, and Great: I'm a Don myself, and
therefore I ought to know:
But of all the sages I ever have met, and
of all the Dons I've known,
There never was one so good and great as
Megalopsychus Brown.

Megalopsychus Brown was blessed with a
Large and Liberal View:
Six sides he saw of a question vexed, when
commonplace men saw two:
He looked at it East, and he looked at it
West, and he looked at it upside down—
Such was the large and liberal mind of
Megalopsychus Brown.
He held one creed which he made for
himself, and he held it fast and strong—
That to act on an obvious logical cause is
shallow, and base, and wrong;

And all that was said for Freedom of Trade
 so plausible seemed and plain,
 That he nearly made up his mind to vote
 for Mr Chamberlain,—

Yes! if any one urged that the moon was
 a cheese, he would always at once
 admit,

“Though the point of view was un-
 doubtedly new, there was much to be
 said for it.”

But out and alas! for his charity wide had
 a tendency sad to see

(And it much impaired the practical use of
 Megalopsychus B.);—

For since, as I've said, no strange ideas
 could cause him the least alarm,

As he never believed that any one else
 intended the smallest harm,

He became the sport and the natural prey
 of men both bold and bad

Who hadn't at heart the Highest Good (as
 Megalopsychus had);

Men with a crank, and men with a fad, and
 men with an axe to grind,

Men with an eye to the main main chance
 and an unacademical mind,

They told him of Science, they told him of
Greek, they told him of verses and
prose,

They led him about in the strangest ways
by his highly respectable nose:—

Till the Public awoke and was pained to
find that Megalopsychus' rule
Had changed what once was the Muses'
seat to a kind of Technical School ;
And every one said when that learned spot
was shorn of its old renown,
“ Behold the large and liberal views of
Megalopsychus Brown ! ”

OUT OF WORK

HE said,—and shed some natural tears,—
A College Tutor old and gray,
“’Twas ever thus ! from childhood’s years
I still have known the Council’s way.
I never loved an Honour School,
Or conned its course with studious glee,
But Convocation’s changeful rule
Decreed that School must cease to be !

“Farewell to all I counted dear,
My Latin Prose, my Virgil lectures,
The audiences that thronged to hear
My (often palmary) conjectures :—
Farewell, my famed Remarks on Jelf,
My celebrated Note on γοῦν ;
Go, moulder idly on the shelf,
Demosthenes upon the Crown !

“For this I’ve burnt the midnight oil
In getting up the frequent tip,
For this, with long nocturnal toil,
I’ve served the Cause of Scholarship,—

That I my 'Furneaux' and my 'Jebb'
Must change for History's doubtful dates,
And teach, or starve, th' evasive neb-
ulosities of Honour Greats.

"I'll seek some more congenial clime
Where Prose and Verse the mind
engage ;
Philosophies of Space and Time
Can ne'er console my vacant age !"
With lip of scorn he packed his "Mayor,"
His notebooks grasped with brow of
choler :

Then took the train for Cambridge—where
'Tis said they still respect a Scholar.

A SONG OF DEGREES

THERE'S reality, then,
 In what rumours allege,
And the Council again
 Are assaying the edge
Of their ancient and dangerous weapon—
 once more the Thin End of the
 Wedge.

They've a scheme to propose
 (On the plan "Do ut des")
Which will multiply those
 Who proceed to Degrees :—
You may get your M.A. from the Bursar,
 on sending the requisite fees !

We, who still have defied
 The Hebdomadal's nods,
Who have fought and have died
 (So to speak) against odds,
Who have grappled with Letto-Slavonic,
 and pulverised History Mods—

Thus to tout for M.A.'s
 Is a thing we detest :
 'Twere a standing disgrace
 If we e'er acquiesced
 In a change that is simply and solely de-
 signed to replenish the Chest !

If Degrees don't come in
 As they used long ago,
 And it's found that the tin
 In the Cashbox is low,—
 Let them sell the Museum to Keble—
 abolish a Reader or so :

Let them lurk in the Corn
 After Union debates :
 Let them prow! until morn
 By the Theatre's gates :
 Let them proctorise golfers from Cowley,
 and men coming up from the Eights.

But your scout (as you see)
 If you simply go down
 And receive your Degree
 In the Highlands—in Town—
 Cannot wait at the Apodyterium, and be
 tipped for presenting your gown.

A SONG OF DEGREES 81

Pause, O Vice, for a while,
And reflect, if you can,
How the system must rile
That respectable man,
When he finds his legitimate profits reduced
by your Radical plan.

Do I sleep ? Do I dream ?
No, I fear there's no doubt
Of the truth of the scheme
That the Council's about :
To enrich an effete institution they risk the
receipts of the scout !

FRAGMENT OF A NEW DUNCIAD

WHERE ponderous pupils with dejected
brow

Court the rare Pass and bear th' accustomed
Plough,

Where Honours still the Physicist must
seek,

Through the grim gate of Necessary Greek,
'Mid scenes like these how pleasing to
survey

The dawn triumphant of a brighter day!
An ampler epoch looms upon your view,
Ye Balliol pundits and ye Dons of new :
Soon shall your students who demand
degrees

Learn what they like and study what they
please,

While Freedom's name, allied to Knowledge
once,

Shall mask the idle and shall cloak the
dunce!

Nymphs of Philistia ! what shall then
employ

FRAGMENT OF NEW DUNCIAD 83

The mental efforts of th' unlettered boy ?
On Latin classics shall he form the mind,
By labour strengthened and by taste refined ?
Nor Greek nor Latin can survive alone :
The second withers when the first is gone.
Shall high Arithmos tempt his sluggish
soul ?

Stern is the toil, illusory the goal :
Who, late released from languages antique,
Sees Mathematics in the place of Greek,
Is not the man his sacred ease to vex
With useless gropings for a fleeting μ :
Nor will that wight who spurns linguistic
curbs

Learn Gallic idioms and Teutonic verbs.
Shall toilsome science please his casual
whim ?

O no—such subjects are too hard for him !
Muses of Gath ! this theme inspire your
song,

Be this your message to the listening
throng :—

“ Attend, ye studious, who for culture
yearn,—

Nought's worth the learning that is hard
to learn.”

“ Hail, glorious Age ! ” enraptured Masters
cry,

84 VERSES TO ORDER

“Hail, glorious Age!” th’ abandoned
Schools reply!

See tim’rous Tutors quit their ancient aim,
Despair of teaching, and give up the game,
The scholar see, his path with roses strown,
Reading his classics in the page of Bohn :
While Science men, a rude unlettered band,
Whate’er they know, know all at second
hand ;

See all alike by obstacles debarred,
Desist from study when the subject’s
hard,—

Till launched from Oxford in some ampler
sphere,

They teach to others what we’ve taught
them here !

TRUTH AT LAST

LITERARY compositions (thus I heard
a Tutor say)

Have, as mediums of instruction, altogether
had their day :

Be not like our rude forefathers, who their
pupils' minds perplexed

With their futile speculation on the mean-
ing of the text.

In their critical editions we completely fail
to trace

That contempt of ancient authors, which is
Learning's surest base ;

Any lies of any writers—Homer, Plutarch,
Livy, Dem-

osthenes or Aristotle—all were good
enough for *them*.

Mere exactitude linguistic simply serves
to hide the truth :

Grammar's but a dull convention meant to
vex the soul of youth :

86 VERSES TO ORDER

If you want to Make an Epoch, as a scholar
ought to do,
Try the methods advocated in the *Classical
Review*.

There they teach how quite misleading is
Thucydides' narration
—Save perhaps when illustrated by a recent
excavation,—
Prove Herodotus a liar—show conclusively
that one
Square half-inch of ancient potsherd's worth
the whole of Xenophon.

If you should consult the classics (and at
times I think you must,
Just to show they're persons whom it's quite
impossible to trust),
Do not seek the verbal meaning and the
literal sense to render :
Read them (like the late Macaulay) “ with
your feet upon the fender.”

This be then your chief endeavour,—not
to construe, parse, or scan,
Not to have the least conception what the
aorist means with *ᾶν*—

But by study of the relics disinterred in
various spots

Pans Arcadian to distinguish clearly from
Corinthian pots :

Thus the purest stream of knowledge from
the fountain-head you'll sip :

Thus you'll do a genuine service to the
cause of Scholarship :

For by Fact and not by language ,now the
ancient world we view—

Which was what our rude forefathers
altogether failed to do.

VADE RETRO SATHANAS

(BEING A MEDITATION SUGGESTED BY MR
CARNEGIE'S DECISION, THAT "THE PRESENT EN-
DOWED FELLOWSHIPS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
ARE TOO HIGHLY PAID TO CONDUCE TO STUDY.")

I

"MY lot is low : I lecture in
A simple edifice of tin :
Scant is its space, its plant is small,
The tin that decks its lowly wall
Is not bestowed on me :
To give the food which nature lacks
Two hundred pounds, less Income Tax,
Compose my annual fee.
My studious toils by day and night
Such ample guerdons bless :
They might be more—but then they might
Conceivably be less.
I murmur not nor much repine
At my exiguous store :
Yet, when I cut expenses fine,
And never lunch, and seldom dine,—

I could suppose a place was mine
Among the virtuous poor!"

II

Thus did I meditate : but O!
How little of ourselves we know!
For Mr Carnegie declares
The salary I touch
(And who should know but millionaires?)
Is very far too much :—
Too opulent (he says) to work,
Like Sybarite, or heathen Turk,
By wealth unnerved, by sloth unmanned,
Fed by the Bursar's generous hand,
Blest with two hundred several pounds
In each revolving year,—
Our lives are mere continual rounds
Of skittles, and of beer!
While Scotchmen read and Picts research
Impoverished like mice in church,
A toilsome impecunious crew,
For whom no yearly hundreds two
The faculties benumb,—
We to this solitary end
Our intellectual efforts bend—
How best on luxuries to spend
That soul-destroying sum.

III

O let me ne'er in vicious ease
Deserve aspersions such as these,
Nor e'er permit my coffers full
My mental energies to dull,
Nor suffer all the gold I've got
Thy path, Research, to bar,
Not tempted be to hire a yacht
Or buy a motor-car !
No—proof 'gainst wealth and all its snares
(Like you, like you, ye millionaires !)
With reverent eyes I'll view
Your proud contempt of pampering pelf,
Your love of knowledge for itself,
And form my aims on you !

TO OUR CRITIC (1892)

GREAT Mr Collins, reformer of Colleges!

Though we admit we have grievously erred,

Hear our excuses, our pleas and apologies—

Do not, O do not condemn us unheard!

True, we acknowledge our various deficiencies,

Laggards delaying the march of the time;

True that the tale of our crimes and omissions is

Too long by far for recounting in rhyme:

Still there are some you should really think better of,

Some who may 'scape from your critical ban:

Have you not read the remarkable letter of Nettlesh-p, Bywat-r, P-lham, M-can?

If there are faults that you cannot abear in
us,

Stamping our lives with indelible shame,
All is the fault of the Council's contrariness:
They and not we are the persons to
blame :

They and not we who refuse the admission
of

Subjects unknown in our ancestors' days:
They and not we who reject the petition of
More than a hundred enlightened M.A.'s!

Yes—and suppose that the Council were
willing to

Open its mind to a subject that's new,
Still 'tis the fact that we haven't a shilling to
Spend on the studies suggested by you.

Grant, that our authors from Morris to
Malory

Languish untaught on their several
shelves :

Grant, that for want of a Reader (with
salary)

Students are forced to read Keats for
themselves :

Think of the claims of the Natural Sciences,
All of them rolling their separate logs :
Think of the millions we spend on
appliances,
Chemists and Botanists, rabbits and frogs !

Here an excuse for our absence of progress
is,
Here is a plea for the sloth you deplore—
Science's ravenous maw (like an ogress's)
Takes what we give her and clamours
for more.

Hear our excuses, our pleas and apologies,
Great Mr Collins, dissatisfied man !
Fully the bard your indictment acknow-
ledges—
Still we are doing the best that we can.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOLS

WHENE'ER I see those sculptured
Three, above the New Schools'
gate,

Whose stony forms a heart of stone too
aptly indicate,

It minds me, as I gaze upon those cold,
unfeeling men,

How often I've been ploughed before, and
oft shall be again ;

And O! that Undergraduate, receiving
his degree—

They give that Undergraduate what ne'er
they'll give to me !

Before my locks were streaked with gray,
and seamed with care my brow,

I got through Mods. in seven tries—I
often wonder how—

But Greats, alas ! I cannot pass ; for were
my mind a sieve, I

Could just about as well retain the narra-
tive of Livy.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOLS 95

They tell me where Saguntum was: I
hear, but I forget—

I can't distinguish Hamilcar from Has-
drubal as yet!

They say my Aristotle's "weak," and
always mark "N.S." on

My papers when I try to prove that virtue
is a μέσον:

And when I bring the Clerk a bob, he
simply says in answer,

"What! give you a testamur, Sir! I much
regret I can't, Sir."

Full proudly struts the Honourman, with
look serene and high;

Yet O! although his task is hard, he's
better off than I!

He's specialised on all that's known, and
also much that's not:

He knows far more than Liddell, and quite
as much as Scott:

He uses philosophic terms so long 'tis hard
to spell 'em,

Has all M-c-n's most recent tips, and
theories from P-lh-m;

But can the boastful Honourman—can
P-lh-m or M-c-n know

The various individuals who bore the
name of Hanno?

96 VERSES TO ORDER

No—much more difficult his task, superior
far his art,
Who buys a crib at second-hand, and
learns that crib by heart !

Still, ere I quite give up the game, and
migrate hence to Durham

(For if examiners have hearts, some pity
sure must stir 'em)

I'll try another bout with Fate—one last
and desperate venture—

This time, perhaps, will victory crown my
limp dejected trencher :

Then, proud as any ancient Greek who
won the Isthmian parsley,

I'll sign myself

R. SNOOKS, B. A., ex Aul. Magistri
Charsley.

MISERERE SVFFRAGATORIS

(1885)

INCIPIT DIALOGVS MAGISTRI ARTIVM ATQVE
VNDERGRADVATI QVORVM HIC PRIOR
ITA LOQVITVR :

NUNC Parvisa canamus : amant Parvisa
Camenaë.

ille ego, qui triplici signatam nomine
chartam

iamdudum repeto—nec me labor ille iuva-
bat—

en, ego præterii: nil mi gravis ante
nocebat

algebra, grammaticoque carent errore
papyri.

nec scripsisse satis : Vice Cancellarius ipse
haud facilem esse viam voluit, vivaque
rogari

voce iubet pueros. vidi, qui nota rogati
obstipuerunt tamen, meliusve tacenda loquun-
tur.

ipse nihil timui—quid enim rationis egerem,
sede sedens solita?—nec non cum laude
recessi.

TVM ILLE RESPONDEBIT ET DICET :

**Ergo ne pete plura : sit hic tibi finis
honorum :**

**crede mihi, satis est unum Testamur
habere.**

**fortunate puer, tua si modo commoda
noris,**

**quod tibi iudicium suffragia rursus ademit
iam data : quod curvo terret Moderator
aratro,**

**nec cepisse gradum, necdum licet esse
magistro.**

**te non ulla movet facundia municipalis
trinave cum propria promittens iugera
vacca**

**ambitus exercet : te non ciet Hebdomadale
concilium, duplicique vocat revocatque
flagello,**

**res quaecunque agitur :—qua sint ratione
legendi**

**Procuratores : an sit scribenda Latine
prosa mathematicos puero qui quaerit
honores :**

**nec tua Palgravius nec Sacri Carminis
auctor**

quarto quoque die poscit suffragia Dixon.

EXPLICIT DIALOGVS.

NUNQUAM DIREXIT BRACHIA
CONTRA

WHEN copies of the *Magazine*,
In Bodley's dark recesses,
Provide the future Stubbs or Green
With themes for learned guesses :
When scholars, airing sapient doubts,
And antiquarians zealous
Write monographs to prove that Scouts
Were not the same as Fellows,—

Posterity the day may see
(Though daring the conjecture)
When Readers read to more than three
And e'en Professors lecture :
When Youth to town no longer goes
To cure its suffering molars,
And does, unasked, its Latin Prose,
And " keeps " spontaneous " Rollers " !

Then woman, long oppressed in vain,
Will claim her proper station,
And take degrees within the An-
cient House of Congregation :

And making free with rights which we—
 Not unreluctant—give her,
 St Hugh's will rule the History School,
 And Somerville the river.

And that (an M.A. said) is why
 I recognize my mission
 To realize that *πάντα ρεῖ*
 And all is mere Transition :
 And why, when Council plans reforms,
 The cause on which they base it
 I do not ask, nor wish to know,
 But take my cap and gown and go
 And vote a cordial Placet.

PROCTORS IN PROCESSION (1891)

QUI contemptu pressus est, ecce fit
sublimis,
quique summus fuerat, mixtus est cum
imis :

anne vos iniurias perferetis tales,
Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales ?

olim in Ecclesiam Universitatis
praecedebant maximae viri dignitatis :
ibant cum Doctoribus Capita Domorum
in Doctorum cathedras, sicut est decorum :

primus venit omnium Bromi de sacello
Vice Cancellarius, ductus a bedello :
Procurator pone tum, Praeses ibat ante
(tintinnabulario rite tintinnante).

ordo nunc euntium notus exolescit,
deprimuntur Capita, Procurator crescit,
nunc (velut petorritis si trahantur equi)
idem hic praegreditur qui solebat sequi !

Caput Domus quodlibet est permagnus
 homo,
 nihil potest propria exturbare domo :
 Procurator annua tantum habet iura,
 utque vere dixerim, servus est natura.

alter fiet—nihil est quare metuatis—
 unus e Collegio Universitatis :
 neu collega terreat : brevi fiet iste
 mera pars Collegii Divi Jo. Baptistae.

vivunt illi regulas persequendo stultas,
 propter parva crimina imponendo multas :
 sunt interdum utiles, sed plerumque pestis :
 vos cum illis nulla re comparandi estis.

sive vos in praelio trucidabit Freeman,
 —sanguis certe Praesidum bonae legis
 semen,—
 morte contumelias peius ferre tales,
 Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales !

THE NEW DOCTORS

B.D. Venerabilis. (Epitaph.)
Mutato nomine D.D. (Horace.)

THE Scholar's ploughed for his degree
if wanting in Latinity,
The Science man is forced to pass a
terminal Prelim.:

But he who'd be a Bachelor or Doctor of
Divinity
Will find that such impediments were
never meant for him.

The Man's supposed to know about th'
Athenian Hegemony,
The Law of Real Property, the Struc-
ture of the Flea:

The Don's excused from everything (con-
tradicente nemine)—
Except, of course, the payment of the
statutable fee.

Should I to Convocation go and there those
ancient nob's tackle,
And point out all the pitfalls which they
set about my way,

And ask to be delivered from a single little
 obstacle
 Of all that now prevent me from attain-
 ing a B.A.,—

Whate'er the tale of hindrances my pro-
 gress that encumber is,
 The Registrar would simply laugh—the
 Senior Proctor frown—
 They'd quote to me Stat. ix. Tit. Cap.—
I don't know what the number is—
 They'd say 'twas quite impossible : per-
 haps they'd send me down.

And yet 'tis hard that hapless men should
 have to read Thucydides,
 And have their life a burden made by
 all the things they're taught,
 When Convocation's managers associate to
 rid D.D.'s
 Of reading disputations as the Statutes
 say they ought.

When Undergrads admitted are to share
 the *jus suffragii*
 (A thing Commissions contemplate, as
 shortly will be shown),

We'll stop these vile malpractices which
now with grief and rage I eye,
We'll make them read their thesises, and
see that they're their own!

Till then, O Dons, who doubt about your
Greek and your Latinity,
Yet want to wear a Doctor's gown as
men of mark should do,
You need but ask—they'll let you off your
thesis on Divinity:
The Statutes are for common men, but
are not meant for you.

A REJECTED NEWDIGATE

O SICILY! upon whose torrid shores
Here Scylla lurks and there Charybdis
roars :

Where great Empedocles, that ardent soul,
Leapt into Etna and was roasted whole :
O smiling vales! and Otremendous heights!
Trode by the heroes of a hundred fights,
Now British tars, and then Athenian seamen,
Here Archimedes, there Professor Free-
man !

'Twas evening : when in Enna's flowery
vale

Persephone was plucking galingale,
And various other flowers less known to us
Than to translators of Theocritus.
Dis marked the damsel from the shades
below

(Dis was the cause of all dis tale of woe) :
And as with energy that naught appals
The Eight of Jesus chases Teddy Hall's,
As the grim bandit on the Thracian crag

A REJECTED NEWDIGATE 107

Collars the lonely tourist's Gladstone bag,—
Dis seized the maid and bore her off dis-
mayed

To share his kingdom in th' infernal shade.
Was it the hooting of the skyey owl?
Or rose from earth that melancholy howl?
Demeter marked the absence of her daughter,
And on the mountains and the plains she
sought her:

All day she cried (in accents fit to deafen
ye)

“Persephone! *Persephone!*! PERSEPHONE!!”
O who can paint a mother's speechless woe?
Not I, for one: mere narrative's *de trop*.

Though the detectives both of Rome and
Sparta

Were furnished with descriptions of her
daughter,

Though she repaired to various distant
climes,

And put advertisements within the *Times*,
In vain she questioned persons far and near:

She Asked a P'liceman—nothing could she
hear:

And when she asked the men of Syracuse
“Where is she? where?” 'twas not the
smallest use:

For though they speak Italian, you're aware,

None made response, nor "Ecco" answered
 "Where?"

Meanwhile Persephone, as schoolboys know,
 Was ruling sadly in the shades below,
 Where Acheron and Phlegethon and Styx
 Their floods tremendous with Cocytus mix,
 Where—but the details, and they're far from
 scanty,
 You'll find described in Lemprière, or in
 Dante.

Some like the place: Persephone did not:
 'Twas badly lighted, and 'twas rather hot:
 Amusements slow—she really could not
 feel

A spark of interest in Ixion's wheel:
 Though Pluto did his best to cheer his
 wife,
 What she complained of was the want of
 life.

"Bear me," she cried, "O bear me back
 again
 To Enna (loveliest village of the plain),
 Where I was wont in girlhood's happy
 hours

(Myself a fairer flower) to gather flowers!"
 Jove heard her prayer: and 'twas arranged
 that she

Should make an annual trip to Sicily.

A REJECTED NEWDIGATE 109

So Britain's invalids (by doctors' hests)
Perplexed by maladies of throats or chests,
Fly from the hurricanes of winter hoar
To Cannes' retreat or Nice's genial shore :
Yet, when the spring asserts her genial
reign,

So Britain's invalids come home again.
Thus Undergraduates, a studious race
(Their country's pride, and Oxford's
chiefest grace),

Wearied with Plato and with Latin Prose,
Enjoy through half the year a well-deserved
repose.

* * * * *
This of thy tale, Persephone ! the abstract
is and pith :
Some say it's allegorical, and some a Solar
Myth.

I dote on hoar Antiquity, and love its
legends old,—
But yet I can't believe much more than
half of what I'm told.

ALARIC: A PRIZE POEM

ĀLĀRĪCUS, vel Ālāricus, vel Ālārīcus
audit ?

non equidem curo: nec res flocci est
facienda:

nomine nam quoquo rex est ferus ille
vocandus

arma virumque cano, Vice-Cancellarius ipse
quem cecinisse jubet, recitareque Shel-
doniano,

si placet hoc Dominis Doctoribus atque
Magistris.

annuite O Musae coeptis seniorque canenti
Procurator ades! dabit et deus his quoque
finem.

non equidem celebrare Alarici ingentia facta
cuncta queo, aut cupio: partim, quod nescio:
partim

quod narrat scriptor doctissimus omnia
Gibbon,

qui fuit, ut perhibent, Academiae hujus
alumnus.

O fortunati qui antiquam quique modernam

ALARIC : A PRIZE POEM III

Historiam callent, Xenophontem Thucy-
didemque,
Freeman, Stubbs, Tacitum, nec non Livium
Patavinum !

illis Finales scribendo quaerere Honores
nec frustra quaesisse licet.

non Parvisa timent nec Preliminaria Iura :
et mox Tutores fiunt vel Praelectores,
vel Socii, quo nil praeclarius, Officiales.

Urbs antiqua fuit, quae quondam Roma
vocata est :

nunc quoque, ni fallor, vocitatur nomine
eodem.

salve magna virum genetrix ! hic nascitur
olim

Scipiades, fulmen belli, Carthaginis horror,
Caesarque, et Gracchi de seditione
querentes,

Augustusque senex, et Cocles, et Caracalla,
Caiusque, et Balbus qui muros aedificabat,
multi praeterea quos nunc describere
longum est,

Tullius et Cicero patriae roburque paterque,
Antoni gladios potuit qui spernere : sed non
sprevisset gladios Alarici, si vixisset.

impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer
per montes, per tela citus ruit : Hectoris
instar

maxima rupit Gatlingis torpedinibusque
 moenia
 ac veluti quam cum confectis ebria bumpis
 clamorem caelo tollit studiosa juvenus,
 et media, infandum! faciunt incendia
 quadra
 nec trepidant ipsum superimposuisse De-
 canum :
 haud aliter

NOCTURNE

I

WHEN the moon is burning bright
On the sorrow-stricken sea,
In the dark autumnal night,
(Ay de mi !)
There's a melancholy message that is borne
upon the blast,
There's a sad reiteration of the music of
the Past—
And it penetrates my ear
With a cadence that I know,
With an echo from the drear
Long ago

II

I would wander, I would roam
To that dim and distant shore
Where the melody should come
Nevermore
Miserere ! O the dreary, O the passionate
refrain—

How it shivers thro' the darkness with a
plenitude of pain!

And my bliss is turned to gall,

And my spirit faints and fails—

—'Tis my neighbour, through the wall,
Playing Scales!

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